

I'm Sorry I've Been So Weird

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I was going to do a recording on this subject, but decided that would be too long, drawn-out, off-topic, and ... weird.

Because I can't stay on-topic when talking, losing sight of the whole purpose of the recording.

Writing is better. You're forced to stay focused.

Thanks, writing.

So, it's been on my mind lately (well, actually, for years), about how weird I've always been, and am. Sometimes it really bothers me. Not so much for my sake, but for other people. I'm one very long Cringe Moment. In fact, if people came with tag lines, mine would read: "Amy. Making people uncomfortable since 1969"

So, can this be analyzed? Can it be explained? Can it be... fixed?

Well. Let's investigate.

To begin with, I was born weird. Genetically, there's some things I inherited that I can't control or help. Some "brain wiring", if you will. I take after a side of the family that is very colorful. Creative, thinking, and different. Also, the negative side of those things - some mental instability, depression, and worse. I won't go any more in-depth than that, but you know what I mean.

I do take after that side of the family, but thanks to genetics, again - I'm strengthened a little, and balanced, due to the "other side". Stubborn, and strong. I really have the best of both worlds, genetically speaking.

But genetics are only the beginning, we aren't really defined by it. I'm just trying to cover all the bases here as to why I'm so weird.

Let's move on.

Next comes the Nature vs. Nurture thing. The "nurture" part of this plays a big factor in my weirdness. I was given lots of freedom as a child, and my creativity was definitely nurtured. Also, I was alone often. Left to my own devices. Socializing with other kids often resulted in me feeling, or being, left out. I was awkward from a very young age.

I loved other kids. I loved other people. But as I grew, the weird factor in me increased.

I definitely could have benefitted from more moral and social guidance.

Then there's The Toe. This increased my self-consciousness by 1000%. It sent me to the absolute depths of social anxiety, and as a child, I had no way of expressing these feelings. I simply kept my foot covered up and hidden from my peers...well into early adulthood.

sigh

Looking back on my weird life, and awkward interactions with others, I think now, as a Christian, a good part of my problem was spiritual. I can safely say, knowing what I know now, that some of my character problems were demonic in nature.

Things were allowed in, and I was exposed to things. Christian knowledge wasn't a factor. I myself didn't learn of the darker side of spiritual matters until my early 20's. My adult life has been sort of a learning and cleansing process, and I'm still learning now. We never stop learning, when it comes

to God...

Let's move on. Circumstances beyond my control, some trauma-inducing, have also shaped me and added to my growing pile of "weirdness". More time as an outcast, were the years following my divorce. I was a struggling single mom, going uphill all the way. My whole life was like the busted up side of the road that they put traffic cones and yellow tape around, to keep people out. Losing my little brother to a tragic accident, he was only 17. Divorcing at the same time, with no safety net. Men pursuing me, attracted to what their eyes saw, but scared of what they found beneath my surface. I developed a compulsion with relationships, friendships, endeavors, the list goes on. Start, finish. Begin, end. Open... close. All the while, struggling to support myself and my daughter.

Abuse. I have to say it, but I won't go into details. I have known abuse, from my teen years on. This too has been an ongoing factor in my "weirdness". Something I will not talk about, but it's there. This too have I had to bear on my journey, this uphill battle. Yet nobody knows it, instead, it's "just Amy".

Let's move on. I became a Christian at 17, and that's when my real life began. I began a spiritual walk, and have been blessed with spiritual gifts. This writing is on the subject of my "weirdness", so although I know there is nothing wrong with being spiritual (we are spiritual beings in reality, the body is temporary), this has greatly added to my social suspicion, hatred, and rejection.

Add to all of this, my health situation. It began (that I know of) in 2006, and now, in 2019, I can't walk, am homebound, and my brain is weary and tired. If you were to speak to me today, not knowing anything of my physical state, you'd say I "was weird".

What does one do with all this weirdness?

What would YOU do?

I've given it to God, my Maker, and asked Him to redeem it all.

I've prayed for forgiveness for any time I've ever hurt someone or even made them uncomfortable, because of my weirdness.

I've given all MY hurt to Him, that I've experienced along the way, from rejection and hatred and mistreatment.

I've let so many misunderstandings go - things I never had the chance to explain to others.

I've had to let go.

My whole life is in God's loving hands, the past, present, and future.

Maybe He will do something with all this "weirdness" of mine.

Love,

Amy

making people uncomfortable since 1969

blog

<https://jan152019.blogspot.com>

following Jesus (collection)

<https://archive.org/details/fav-3152019->

Birdtown Comics

<https://archive.org/details/fav-birdtowncomics2019>